NEW YORK JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and warmer weather.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC CLUBS.

The story about railway rates to the meeting of Democratic clubs at St. Louis on October 3, told in Mr. Henry George's letter published in the Journal yesterday morning, is one that contains a lesson and a suggestion. It appears that Senator Jones, chairman of the National Committee, had a natural desire to obtain information as to the arrangements of the railways in regard to offering reduced rates to the delegates to that convention. It is probable that at least a thousand men will go to St. Louis, and it is customary for railway corporations to deal with such large bodies of travellers at what may be called wholesale prices.

Senator Jones accordingly sent his stenographer to the chairman of the Central Passenger Committee with a modest request for the desired information. The young man returned with his serenity completely destroyed, for the passenger agent fell upon him with bitter invective and upbraided him with objurgatory phrases for being engaged, even in the humble capacity of messenger, in an attempt to further the cause of the Democracy.

This passenger agent declaimed in unparliamentary terms against the Chicago Convention, accusing it of unconcealed principles of anarchy, of enmity to the welfare of the country, and of general conditions of heinous turpitude unnecessary to catalogue anew. Having delivered himself of an exordium somewhat more fiery and a good deal less dignified than any of the orations of Demosthenes against the monster Philip of Macedon, the agent condescended to make a communication of fact containing the milk of his cocoanut. It was to the effect that there would be no special rates for such wicked and abandoned creatures as the delegates to the convention of Democratic clubs. Doubtless this excellent agent of something even larger than a railway corporation thought that the foreign capitalists who are contributing such princely sums to aid the free trade cause in America would gladly pay the fare of all delegates upon whom the expense would be a serious tax.

It is an undeniable fact that the payment of $50 or $100 of expenses in attending the convention would be a formidable obstacle to the presence of some men who ought to be there. If it were to be a Republican convention, the mere matter of cost would not stand in the way, for the supporters of the high tariff and "sound money" appear to have wealth to spare.

There is a suggestion to be drawn from the affair, and it is a practical one. Every man who is to attend the convention is a genuine Democrat, and is already pledged to the support of Mr. Bryan. His vote will not be influenced by his attendance. It is probable, too, that not many other voters will be guided by the action of this convention, for this is not a campaign of demonstrations and cheers, but of education and solid argument.

It would be an admirable plan to abandon the convention altogether and let every man who purposes attending it turn his $50 or $100 into the Democratic campaign fund. There it could be used to help in spreading among the people campaign literature, which would reach voters far beyond the influence of the warmth of conventions. Any a man who may now have only vague ideas as to the tremendous issues before the people could thus be supplied with information on which he would have abundant leisure to ponder before the important day when the ballots must be cast. Let the Democratic clubs which intend to hold this convention give this suggestion immediate consideration.

CHEAPNESS.

To the unreflecting it seems a paradox to say that low prices for the necessaries and comforts of life are not always to be desired. But it is true, nevertheless. Cheapness may be dearness disguised.

It is to the interest of the consumer to give as little as possible for the things he buys, and to the interest of the producer to get as much as possible for the things he has to sell. But everybody, except the man who lives on dividends and does nothing, is a producer as well as a consumer. This is the case with the wage worker as well as with the farmer and manufacturer. The wage worker has his labor to sell. And the higher the price his employer gets for his products the better able that employer is to pay higher wages—not only better able, but under compulsion to pay high wages, for when prices are rising employers are eager to supply the market. This creates a demand for labor, and this demand is what always raises labor's reward.

When things are so cheap that there is no profit in manufacturing them capital withdraws itself from industry, factories shut down, and the average consumer finds it harder and harder to acquire the dollar that things are to be bought with.

That is the kind of a dollar the gold standard gives us. The dear dollar is good only for those who have it to lend. Free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would empty the boxes in the safe deposit vaults and bring their contents into business. Free coinage would send prices up, and nothing will stimulate industry like good prices. The manufacturer and merchant would make money, idle workmen would be employed, and an end come to this hard frost which has congealed the business of the country.

Cheapness that is the result of invention, of improved means of production, of the legitimate competition which is the life of trade, is a good fruit of civilization, but the cheapness that comes from dear money is a calamity to the industrious classes, whether they be poor or not.

The gold standard means dear money and cheap goods, cheap labor and hard times.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SITUATION

That we Americans are fond of boasting of our liberal institutions is a fact which our friends across the Atlantic are fond of calling to our attention very frequently. It is a fact; we do boast of them, and in the main we have excellent reasons for doing so. But there is no institution to which we point with more pride than our system of common school education, and just now in the city of New York its condition is such as to put an end to all boasting and call for nothing but public humiliation and private chagrin.

The number of children ready to go to school this morning and unable to do so is simply alarming. And, what is still worse, there seems to be no immediate way out of the difficulty. As Mr. Jacob Riis pertinently said in a recent communication to the Journal, "There is no short cut out of the fix we are in. It is the inheritance of a bad past, and we have got to suffer it until we learn to improve upon its methods."

The police census of last year showed that more than 50,000 unemployed children were wasting the most impressionable years in idleness that must necessarily have been vicious in its tendency, while nearly 30,000 others were engaged in contributing to the support of families, but doing nothing toward that mental improvement on which their future so heavily depends. The amount of evil wrought by this condition of affairs is beyond all calculation. The absence of all the healthy discipline of school is a single factor whose power for evil cannot be measured. Add to it continuance in a state of ignorance of the elements of a common school education, and the drift of 50,000 young people toward bad citizenship becomes a phenomenon which menaces the state itself.

That poor citizens must be the result of lack of education is demonstrated by the fact that a large majority of the children excluded from the public schools are partly or wholly of foreign descent. That the parents of these children are eager to give them the advantages of a public school training has been abundantly demonstrated by the eager clamor, the actual physical struggle for admission, at the doors of the schools on the East Side. The Herald in commenting on this matter said: "It is nothing short of an outrage that thousands of them should be compelled to roam the streets for weeks when they should be acquiring the training needed to fit them for future duties as citizens." The World very properly asked: "Why were 13,000 turned away? Simply because the authorities refused to provide school room enough for them, though the law of the State requires them to go to school."

It has been well said that by adopting a system of compulsory education this community has bound itself by a most serious moral obligation to provide school accommodations for its children. The community as a whole cannot escape the burden of this obligation by throwing the onus of blame upon its public servants. It must deal with the matter itself by the forcible and continual proclamation of its demands in the shape of an irresistible public opinion.

The community must put its moral force behind the officers charged with the execution of the school laws and impel them to a discharge of their duties. It must also aid them in the discovery of a speedy remedy for the evils which have been bequeathed to them by the past. The way to do this is by a free, wide and vigorous discussion of possible methods. It is time that public opinion aroused itself in regard to this matter and became a moving power.

MR. HOBART AND THE TRUSTS.

"The coal trust conspiracy," a local anti-Bryan newspaper informs its readers, "is criminal at common law even if there were no statutes against it." And in a high vein of righteous wrath it inquires, "What is the Attorney-General's occasion for sparing lawbreakers whose lawlessness cripples industry and impoverishes the people? What is he afraid of? What is the occult reason for his inactivity?"

Perhaps the Attorney-General is aware that one of the chief parties to the criminal conspiracy known as the coal trust is the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad Company, and that Garret A. Hobart, the Republican nominee for Vice-President of the United States, is a director of that company, and therefore one of the responsible organizers of the trust. More than that, as general counsel for the corporation he took an active part in formulating the agreement which now enables a few men to rob consumers of coal on the one hand and its miners on the other.

Attorney-General Hancock, being a well-informed man, is doubtless cognizant of these facts. Being a partisan Republican, he is supporting McKinley and Hobart. Finally, being possessed of average common sense, he doubtless understands that it would be ridiculous for him to urge Mr. Hobart's election to the second place in the people's gift and at the same time bring civil or criminal action against him and his associates as lawbreakers.

Whoever aids the election of McKinley and Hobart helps not only one trust, but scores of them. Mere denunciation of trusts without attack on their great political representatives wont do.

THE USE OF MONEY.

Mr. Bryan put the essence of the money question in a nutshell when he said at Washington Saturday: "The gold standard is bad because the man who has money can profit by the rise in the value of that money without using it in commerce or trade."

To-day in New York the oldest and best established mercantile or manufacturing houses find it difficult, if not impossible, to secure the credits which every business house occasionally needs. Though the newspapers are filled with reports of the influx of gold from foreign countries, there has been no improvement in the money market by which people engaged in productive or commercial enterprises may profit. Within a week the paper of one of the biggest millionaire houses in the city was discounted at the almost usurious rate of nine per cent. Wall Street speculators with interest bearing securities to offer for collateral get money to gamble with at easier rates, but the firms which employ their hundreds of men get the cold shoulder in the money market.

Why is this? Some with a partisan point to score will tell you that there is a lack of confidence in the money market bred of fear of Mr. Bryan's election. In the next breath they will insist that there is no possibility of his success. But, as a matter of fact, the evil rests on a fact which antedates Bryan, and will exist in even more vicious form for years to come should he be defeated. The evil is that of a money of increasing value and the corresponding depreciation in the prices of everything else.

No commercial enterprise thrives on a falling market, and all markets have been falling for ten years, though never so rapidly as since the repeal of the Sherman law in 1893 put an end to all Governmental additions to the volume of the circulating medium. It has been only the part of shrewdness for the bankers to hesitate about lending money to be used in buying or manufacturing goods that to an absolute certainty could be bought or made more cheaply a year later. But it has not been the part of wisdom even for the bankers, who might be thought to profit by dear money, to urge the continuance of a currency system which seriously narrows the field of profitable investment.

Money which can earn a profit for its owner while lying idle in vault is the deadly enemy of national prosperity. The money which must be actively employed if it is to be increased is a spur to enterprise and an inducement to commercial activity.

THE STRAIGHT ISSUE.

Mr. Bryan at Richmond delivered a speech which, were it in the hands of every voter in the United States, would so spread education on the financial problem as to cause the gold standard advocates to be faced everywhere by audiences competent to detect their misstatements and to scorn their fact-obscuring rhetoric about "sound money" which is not sound, and the "national honor," which is quite as dear to other citizens as to their privileged selves. Here is a paragraph from the Richmond speech that is worth miles of ordinary campaign oratory:

We apply the law of supply and demand to money. We say the value of a dollar depends on the number of dollars, and that you can raise the value of a dollar by making the dollars scarce, and we charge that our opponents are in favor of making money scarce because they are controlled by those who want money dear. If you are in favor of dear money you ought to vote the Republican ticket. If you are in favor of making money the only thing which it is desirable to own and making property the thing that everybody wants to get rid of, you want to vote the Republican ticket, because the Republican party proposes to continue the present financial system, the object of which is to make it more profitable to hoard money and get the increase in the rise of the value of a dollar than to put that dollar to work employing labor and developing the resources of this great country.

That is good sense. It is the great issue of the campaign. If the people desire a continuance of the existing financial jumble, which is at the mercy of speculators and which has paralyzed the business energies of a rich new country, filled with an industrious population, they will defeat Bryan and the Democratic party and elect McKinley, who represents the syndicates, the trusts and the fleecers of the people in general.

ART AND LIFE.

When Mr. Stephen Crane stood in the shadow of a book and set the literary world to guessing what sort of person he might be, there were many who were sure that he was a bronzed veteran of the tented field, and much surprise ensued when it became known that the only battle field from which he drew his materials and his inspiration was the football gridiron. But the discovery was merely what might have been expected. The surprising thing would have been to find that Mr. Crane had really seen the things he described.

It does not do for a romancer or playwright to get too close to nature. Belasco can make a better military play now than he could if he spent five years in the army, and all the melodrama would thaw out of "Under the Polar Star" if the incidents were transcribed from the log of a genuine Arctic expedition.

There never was a situation more intensely dramatic than the meeting of Nansen and Jackson on the ice of Spitzbergen. Nansen was struggling along, alone with one companion, as he supposed, in a boundless expanse of desolation, and he hoped to make his way to some human habitation in the course of an indefinite number of weeks of toilsome progress. Suddenly in this empty waste of ice appeared a man, and Nansen recognized in him an old acquaintance. His presence meant food, warmth, news from the home from which the explorer had been absent for three years, and an early return to a devoted wife, for whom he must have been longing every day of the time. But instead of falling upon his knees, stretching his hands toward heaven and lifting his voice in an eloquent apostrophe to the Divine beneficence, or clasping his newly found friend in a convulsive embrace, while he gave vent to his emotion in broken sentences, this is what Nansen did, according to Jackson's account of the incident:

We shook hands warmly, and the following conversation ensued:
Jackson—I am awfully glad to see you.
Nansen—So am I to see you.
Jackson—Have you a ship here?
Nansen—No. My ship is not here.
Jackson—How many are there of you?
Nansen—I have one companion in the distance there.

During this time I was looking steadily in his face, and, in spite of his long, black hair and smoke-black skin, I thought he was Dr. Nansen, whom I had known in London. So I exclaimed: "Are you not Dr. Nansen?" "Yes, I am Nansen," was his reply. "By Jove," I answered, "I really am awfully glad to see you." Then we again shook hands still more heartily. "I thank you very much," said Dr. Nansen; "it is very kind of you."

Evidently any fairly competent dramatist could do better than that without incurring the trouble and expense of a journey to the Frozen Ocean. The playwrights have nothing to learn from the men of action in the management of their situations. If Stanley had found Livingston on the stage, instead of in an African jungle, he would have had something better to say than "Dr. Livingston, I presume."

The Hon. Patrick Jerome Gleason at the head of the party of "sound money Democrats" in Long Island City is a gorgeous and inspiring spectacle, and that is just all that need be said.

The Washington dispatches contain frequent allusions to "acting secretaries" and "acting comptrollers." The present Administration will go into history as one of the most "acting" since the organization of the Government.

Inspired by the spectacle of the Carnegies, Morgans, Belmonts, Fricks and Huntingtons all standing in a row wearing McKinley buttons and crying out against class feeling in politics, Mr. Hanna may presently rise and offer some improving remarks in deprecation of the corrupt use of money in elections.

According to the Sun, rain did not drive indoors any of the 20,000—or was it 200,000?—persons who visited the Sage of Canton on Saturday, while at Baltimore Mr. Bryan's hearers were simply stampeded by the showers. It is a pity that Major McKinley's followers do not know enough to go in out of the rain. They will be wiser after the 3d of November.

THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

The End of the Second Week Finds Subscriptions Still Flowing In.

Below is given a full list of yesterday's subscribers to the Journal's fund for educating the voters:

Blank	$5.00
Owen McDonald, Grand Tunnel	1.00
R. H. Mosby, Richmond, Va	1.00
Sage Russell, N. Y. City	.05
Wayland H. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa	5.00
Martin Cryan, Lowell, Mass.	5.00
Dr. E. B. Foote, N. Y. City	1.00
Geo. H. Wentworth, Boston, Mass.	1.00
Albert Walkley, Boston, Mass.	1.00
P. W. Wiley, Washington, D. C.	2.00
Joseph Murphy, Burlington, Vt.	2.00
John Daley, Burlington, Vt	2.00
C. C. W., Jacksonville, Fla.	2.00
Melville O. Wright, Bath, Me.	1.00
Same Two Single Taxers, Hartford Conn.	2.00
Cash, Maryville, Tenn.	5.00
Amasa B. Wilson, Cuba, N.Y	1.00
H. E. McInown, Big Run, Pa.	1.00
T. H. Waring, Chattanooga, Tenn.	2.00
F. C. White, Paterson, N. J.	.25
C. B., Bensonhurst (third contribution)	1.00
New York Club, of Denver, Col.	100.00
Bryan Free Silver Club, of Van Buren, Ark.	25.00
W. S. Black and 49 others, Bentonville, Ark.	50.00
G. D. Bantz, Silver City, New Mexico	25.00
S. P. Carpenter, Silver City, New Mexico	25.00
J. F. T., Lampasas, Texas.	5.00
"One Who Wears a McKinley Button," Georgetown Col.	1.00
Rev. George W. Hill, Conway, Ark.	2.00
John I. Saunders, Cheney, Kan	.25
C. H. Miller, Asheville, N. C	1.00
Citizens of Newport, Ark.	25.00
One day's contribution to the fund	**$300.55**
The Journal's contribution for the day	**300.55**
Previously acknowledged and subscribed	**12,090.82**
Total contribution to the fund	**$12,691.92**

Now that the fund has been running for two weeks and the interest continues unflagging it looks as though the silver cause were very deep seated in the hearts of the American people.

The personal sacrifices that have been made by poor working people to build up this great sum of more than ten thousand dollars indicates how real in their practical application are the problems that must be solved at the polls next November. These people understand this, and have well made up their minds on which side of the war their interests lie. But many others of the less intelligent classes are still halting and hesitating doubtfully between two opinions. Upon these are being employed all the arts that those unscrupulous managers of the Hanna campaign are capable of inventing. They are being flooded with innumerable plausible arguments, veiled under a show of patriotism, calculated to appeal to their more selfish natures and their class interests.

It is to get means to instruct these voters and thus defeat the misleading tactics of the Hanna agents that the Journal's fund is established. And the people are proving this intention with their cordial support.

Here are some letters received yesterday:

Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 17, 1896.

W. R. Hearst:

Enclosed find contribution to the fund for the relief of the suffering. While employed myself and comfortably situated, I would prefer to see the countless thousands at work and prosperous. We look with hope to the old yet new Degallant and patriotic standard bearer the prosperity and general welfare of the laboring classes is assured.

"Free silver" and "sixteen to one" are terms to conjure with here, and the Palmer-Buckner sideshow will attract and deceive but few workingmen in these parts. It is, in fact, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring, and therefore entitled to but little consideration.

C. C. W.

Philadelphia, Sept. 19, 1896.

W. R. Hearst:

I wish to give you my hearty appreciation and sympathy for the brave and fine work you are doing in the Journal. In many ways it is the paper we have been waiting for—brave enough, broad enough and intelligent enough to **voice the great cry of the people in the intensely interesting struggle we are in the midst of.**

Your signed articles please me and your disposition to let recognized authorities speak on different sides. Yours truly,

WAYLAND SMITH.

Hartford, Sept. 19, 1896.

W. R. Hearst:

Enclosed find $2 for the Journal fund for educating the people on the financial question. All I can see if the present system is continued is more bonds and a greater load to hand down to our children. I believe in paying as near as possible our debts as we go along in private life and think the same policy should be followed by a government. We have no moral right to place any more of a burden on the backs of those that come after us than we can possibly avoid. Yours respectfully, SAME TWO SINGLE TAXERS.

W. R. Hearst:

Time was when "This world was made for Caesar." Time is when **a desperate effort is being made by the combined power of syndicates, trusts, corporations and bankers, assisted by the Cleveland Administration, to show the world that the United States, at least, was made for them.** To help head off such a calamity I contribute my mite.

Have always been a Republican and am a public official of some note locally. My nearest friends have never suspected me of being an Anarchist. It has remained for the gold standard organs to reveal myself to myself. Harrowing is this discovery; I am consoled by the thought that "there are others." BLANK.

Room 1029 Postal Telegraph Building.
New York, N. Y., Sept. 14.

W. R. Hearst:

The enclosed, sent with my small $2 subscription to the Journal's campaign fund, was intended for a contribution for September to the cent-a-day subscription idea, as advanced by one of the subscribers to the fund one day last week. I would suggest that you put the enclosed in with the first cash subscription that is handed in. Yours truly, F. P. VON ROSEN.

TWO REPLIES TO "A GENTLEMAN."

Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 19, 1896.

Editor New York Journal:

When I read the first letter written by your correspondent signing himself "Gentleman" I was filled with more or less indignation, and felt that, as a great public newspaper had given him the opportunity to express his views on one of the greatest questions of the day, they would likewise accord me the same privilege, which they have done. He seems to derive keen delight from ridding himself of a mass of splenetic ebullition, which more clearly exemplifies the true character of the man than anything I could write or say.

His attack upon the Declaration of Independence is indicative of the alien, and, as I am not dealing with that class of persons, I do not believe I am called upon to further attempt to defend the principles of right and justice with such as he. Might I be wrong in assuming that he is a descendant of that most excellent and accomplished society, the fate of whom he so almost tearfully deplores? In reply to that remark I can only say, and I believe the majority of the readers of this paper will bear me out, that America has never tolerated such a class of hoodlums as the country of France did in those dark days, and if "Gentleman" is really afraid that we are in danger of coming to such a state he had better take time by the forelock and leave the country before Mr. Bryan is elected President, which he surely will be. I am willing to stay here, and I think the greater part of the seventy millions of inhabitants of peaceful America feel likewise. We are in no danger of the terrible consequences which he ascribes to the election of Mr. Bryan, should he take the Presidential seat. The labor of this country is not going to rise en masse against capital and tear it limb from limb. Indeed, I should be more fearful of calamitous results were those assigned to the control of this Government who entertain such embittered feelings against the commonalty of this country. Why can they not exhibit a spirit of kindliness, "charity for all and malice toward none," instead of imputing to us the sinister motives they do?—namely, the destruction of the Government. Let me ask him who saved the country in its time of peril? Who took up arms and went to the front to engage in battle for the perpetuation of liberty? Was it the polished class of society, to whom "Gentleman" accredits all the good which has ever been done, or ever will be done in this country? I believe an examination of the rosters would evoke the fact that it was the laboring man who was first willing to throw himself into the swirl of danger and death for the love of home and country. Some of the rich, on the other hand, employed substitutes to take their places at the front. Does that look like an irrepressible desire to help out their brethren? Does it look as though they had the interests of their country at heart? I desire to ask "Gentleman" which of the two, rich or poor, he considers are the most likely to remain in this country? Those who have the wherewithal to carry them hither and thither over the entire world, or those whose sphere of existence is limited to an humble home, fraught with the comforts of a loving family, a meagre but honest livelihood, and a clear conscience? These are points which must be taken into consideration also—in fact, they are much too important to be overlooked, for they constitute the very essence of life, of manliness, good will and happiness.

Of course, "Gentleman" calls me a great many harsh and unpleasant names. Let him remember that he who stoops to conquer should also stoop to honor. I am sorry that he has allowed his passion to dominate his actions in this correspondence. I cannot but think that he must have a better nature, latent though it may be, and if he would but allow it to make itself known, if he would suppress the hard feelings which he bears me and those to whom I belong, the Journal would have a different story to write.

The comparison which he draws between the American workingman and the horses on the street are characteristic of his selfish sentiments, expression for which he can scarcely find suitable words. He also speaks of the "lowly Bryan." Since Christianity has gained the foothold which it has in the present day; since the Bible and New Testament have become household pieces in almost every hamlet, I do not think that his reflection on Mr. Bryan's birth will do much to espouse the cause which he favors.

Yours, very truly, A COMMONER.

Brooklyn, September 19, 1896.

Editor Journal:

The individual signing himself "Gentleman," whose letter I read in this morning's Journal with the most profound indignation and disgust, cannot be an American citizen, for he has the views of an upholder of European monarchy and all its consequent tyranny.

He is laboring under a dangerous delusion. This is a Government run in the interests of the sovereign people, not for certain privileged classes. Plutocracy is not yet and never shall be triumphant as long as there is one American ready to do or die for the safety of his country and its sacred institutions.

He talks aboue the "rights of property," the workingman's "betters," Mark Hanna's angelic character and friendship for labor—but what else can one expect from a creature who attempts to ridicule Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence. He is a vile despicable snob.

Yours sincerely, AN AMERICAN.
Brooklyn, September 19, 1896.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"What are you going to name the boy?" asked the old neighbor.

"We thought something of naming him after some one of our statesmen," answered the proud father.

"One of the dead ones, or one of the live ones?"

"One of the living ones."

"Don't you do it. Don't you do it. It isn't safe. About the time you git the kid named fer some politician you admire the durn politician is liable to bolt clean over to the enemy."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A freakish fat person in Guines
Each day on his wheel took a spuines,
Fell off so much—
His trials were such—
He was presently really quite skuines.
—Detroit Tribune.

Mabel—How many engagement rings did you bring back from the seashore?
Gertrude—None.
Mabel—Why, how did that happen?
Gertrude—Unluckily, I got in with the same crowd that I met last year.—Cleveland Leader.

"Paw," said the little boy, "did you know that the housefly lays more'n a million eggs?"

"Maybe she does, Willy," answered his baldheaded parent, "but I'll be eternally dinged if I can tell when she takes the time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Story of Emile and Victor.

UST when Emile and Victor arrived in this country is not stated. It makes no difference, anyhow. Both gentlemen are still receiving on the top floor of a Fourteenth street museum, where they pose as waxy warnings to all immigrants to shun the banking industry and the race track.

* * *

Their life story is somewhat garbled, owing to the effect of warm weather on wax, but the allegory is ably presented in two lapses of ten years each, and some secondhand clothing. Emile and Victor, billed as two graduates of the University of Heidelberg, seeking wealth and prosperity, are first shown in the act of landing at Castle Garden. They are friends, then, and look as if they had worked their way through college to come to America in the coal bunkers.

THE LANDING

John Ericsson, engaged in evolving a monitor on a small marble-topped ice-cream table, is not disturbed by the arrival of the two graduates. They part, but appear again in different scenes, after the first lapse of ten years.

* * *

Emile has become a wealthy banker and a leading member of society. He is sitting in the private office of the bank, waiting to be shot for his money. Time has told on Emile. Part of his forehead has melted away, and his whiskers are dropping off, one by one. His feet are twisted, too, until the toes point the wrong way, and there are no buttons on the wealthy banker's shoes.

A wisp of hay, cropping out of the back of Emile's neck, tells us too truly that all museum flesh is grass. The assertion that Emile is a leading member of society is borne out by the presence of a warped messenger boy, with glassy eyes, loafing around in the office. The messenger's legs are not mates.

* * *

Leaving the wealthy banker leaning affectionately against his safe, we flit through the next lapse and view the frivolous Victor. He, alas! has grown to be a professional drunkard working overtime, gambler and race track sport playing long shots. Victor wears a most villainous expression. The bulk of his features have slid down and settled in his chin. He has lost his hat, presumably on the races, and both thumbs are missing.

THE WAYWARD VICTOR

With a large wad of bright, pink money in the remnants of his right hand Victor is defying a whole grand stand full of people to bet on the next event. In the background may be seen a thrilling hand-painted Derby.

The next scene tells what became of Victor's pink money. In the dead of night the bankrupt "tout" murders and robs his old college chum, Emile.

* * *

The body of the banker, shockingly mutilated, lies stretched on the floor, while Victor thrusts his head into the safe, and, like the ostrich, imagines himself hid.

THE TRAGEDY

But the porter discovers the crime, and we pass on with Victor to his last hour on earth, and the felon's doom.

* * *

The condemned sport, still minus his thumbs, is attired in evening dress, bicycle shoes and a forbidding aspect. An aged lady, supposed to be Victor's mother, stands beside the wayward boy, with her head dangling negligently between her shoulder blades, while Jack McAuliffe, in priestly garb, prepares the soul of Victor for the vast beyond. Mr. Gladstone, of England, with a job lot of trunk keys on a wire loop, is patiently waiting to conduct Victor to the dull, sickening thud works in the back yard. As a final warning, the gallows and noose are faithfully portrayed, with a herd of reporters on the alert to ask Victor if he has had ham and eggs or strawberries for breakfast.

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Thus ends the melting story of Emile and Victor. CHARLES DRYDEN.